

DIRECTORY.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

District Judge, John C. Russell
District Attorney, D. M. Turner
District Clerk, Louis Kowalski
District court commences on the first Monday in the months of Feb., and September.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge, E. C. Porto
County Attorney, Augustin Celaya
County Clerk, Joseph Webb
Sheriff, S. A. Brito
Treasurer, Celedonio Garza
Assessor, George Champion
Collector, James A. Browne
Surveyor, John S. Hord
Inspector of Hides Casimiro Tamayo

COMMISSIONERS.

Precinct No. 1—Antonio Vazquez
Precinct No. 2—Thomas Carson
Precinct No. 3—Narciso Cantu
Precinct No. 4—Pablo Perez
County court meets for civil criminal and probate business on the first Monday in March, June, September and December.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, Thomas Carson
Chief of Police, James H. Khan
Treasurer, Alfred Thornham
Secretary, M. B. Kingsbury
Attorney, Frank Feuille
Surveyor, S. W. Brooks
Assessor and Collector J. A. Michel.

SCHEDULE.

OF DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS OF MAILS.

DEPARTURE.

For Alice, Texas, daily at 6 a. m.
" Rio Grande City, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m.
For Point Isabel, daily at 6 a. m.
" Matamoros, Mexico, Except Sunday, at 9:30 a. m.

ARRIVALS.

From Alice, Texas, daily at 10 p. m.
" Rio Grande City, daily at 7 a. m.
" Point Isabel, daily at 9 a. m.
" Matamoros, Mexico, at 9:30 a. m.

Dates for Teachers' Examinations

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 18, '02.

The regular Teachers' Examinations will be held on the third Friday and the following Saturday in February, April, June, August, September, and November.

Special examinations may be held on the third Friday and the following Saturday of any other month, except July, provided notice is given the State Superintendent at least two weeks before the day the said examination is to begin.

No questions for these special examinations will be sent to any county, except at the request of the county superintendent or county judge.

Most respectfully,

J. M. CARLISLE.

State Superintendent Public Instruction

A recent fashionable bonnet is of locket wing green with numerous wags lodged around in the filmy folds. The general expression of the whole thing is, "look out for a wasp!"—Snap Shots.

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BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

Snap Shots.

Galveston News.

When vain man has nothing better to show he exhibits his ignorance.

The grocer will now argue that oysters are ripe.

If you have a "firstly" a "secondly" and a "thirdly," give them to your audience in broken doses. A "firstly" is always enough for a single sitting.

Teach your son to tell the truth and be a private citizen.

When you get the advantage refuse to take it. This is generous and doubles your original advantage.

If \$1 will buy a horse what sense is there in packing around \$1000 to pay for him?

You can never get women to vote intelligently. They are too much afraid of doing something that some other woman is going to do. [Texas Sittings. You can be sure she will not vote for the republicans if the color of that ticket does not match her complexion. Exchange.]

She will cling to the best man for dear life.

If stale beer and hot politics will not make one an anarchist he is not worth killing.

When the world is thoroughly enlightened the cities will pay an alderman \$3 per night not to meet.

The ambitious man looks to his laurels and lets somebody else support him.

One who sticks his nose into other people's business is frequently glad to get out of the job.

The bad boy who can outrun his father is very apt to make a very fast young man.

The following from the San Antonio Express would make even a razor back Hogg laugh:

The order of his shrinkage to be completed at 3 p. m. November 2, '02. His Excellency James Stephen Hogg

Governor James Stephen Hogg

Mr. James Stephen Hogg.

James Stephen Hogg.

James S. Hogg.

James Stephen.

James,

Jim.

Perilous Riding on the Iron Horse.

"Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Haskins. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so short and sudden that it nearly disjoins your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the lightning express. The engineer did not appear to fancy my presence much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time, the night was black as Erebus, and a terrific thunderstorm was raging. The engineer was determined to go in on time, and the way he rushed around those curves and across canyons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray.

"The peculiar thing about these mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plunging straight ahead until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in midair, and then shoot around and leave you to wonder by what miracle you have been saved. The trucks take the curve in the orthodox manner, but the superstructure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen torrents, the great iron leviathan swaying and plunging along that slippery, serpentine track, I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and his eye on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, admiring his nerve, but not envying him his job. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and staid there."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FADED PICTURES.

Only two patient eyes to stare
Out of the canvas; all the rest,
The warm green gown, the small hands
pressed
Light in the lap, the heavy hair,
That must have made the sweet, low brow
So earnest, centuries ago,
When some one saw it change and glow—
All faded, just the eyes burn now.
I daresay people pass and pass
Before the blistered little frame,
And daisy work, without a name,
Shut in behind its bit of glass;
But I—well, I left Raphael
Just to come drink these eyes of beer,
To think away the stains and blurs,
And make all whole again and well.
Only for tears the head will bow,
Because there on my heart's last wall,
Not one tint left to tell it all,
A picture keeps its eyes somehow.
—William Vaughan Moody in Scribner's.

Fire in Australia.

In wet weather it is usual for the Australian aborigine to carry in the hand, beneath the kangaroo skin, a piece of smoldering wood, which compensates the bearer in some sort for the want of a flannel waistcoat, and enables him to light a fire at a moment's notice.

One of our men had also a plan on cold nights of lying down, rolled up in his furs, upon the ashes of a raked out fire. He explained to my husband that the advantage of thus going to bed was twofold, being no less good for warmth than for concealment, especially when passing the night in a strange place, where the keeping up of a fire after dark might attract the notice of unfriendly natives.

Each tribe possesses a territory of its own, and each family of the tribe has its own especial tract of land within that territory. Here a man can light his fire and build his hut without fear of molestation. It is in fact his paternal estate, so that the word "fire" conveys to an Australian the same meaning of fatherland or birthplace as the word "hearth" conveys to a European, and is used by the aborigines in the same sense.—Mrs. Millett.

Property Among Ants and Bees.

The collective system of property must have lasted among ants and bees for many thousands of years, for, apart from cases of demoralization such as may, for example, be produced among bees by giving them a taste for drunkenness, these intelligent insects show the most absolute deference and devotion to social property. Their primitive selfishness has broadened out into a collective or patriotic egoism. But these very social species, with their more than Christian charity, have not reached this high degree of civilization at one bound. In the ant and bee worlds, as in our own, there are savages. There are still at the present time certain species of ants ignorant of the division of labor carried so far among their civilized congeners.—Property: Its Origin and Development.

Sportive Lambs.

A flock of ewes and lambs were once observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with this flock, the biggest lamb leading around the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file. Any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side. Fawns played a sort of cross touch from one side to the other, the "touch" in each case being by the nose.—London Tit-Bits.

The Colors of Amber.

Amber has a wonderful variety of colors. Some of it is as clear as crystal, some as yellow as honey, some light blue and again a transparent green. Then it is found as white as snow, the color of cream, and often many of these tints are blended in one piece. There is a popular notion to the effect that amber has curative qualities for such ailments as croup and sore throat, and many thousand necklaces of it are sold annually for that purpose.—Interview in Washington Star.

How to Conciliate an Editor.

"You look awful blue. What is the matter with you?"
"That editor has sent back my last batch of poems. I wish I knew how to get his good will."
"That's easy enough done."
"How am I to do it to put him in good humor?"
"Don't send him any more of your poetry."—Texas Sittings.

In Kentucky the public school teachers are not paid a fixed salary, but receive so much for each pupil. This plan has one good effect, that of stimulating teachers to secure scholars and thus extend the benefits of education, but some have been found making false returns.

All intelligent persons are familiar with the fact that the body is in a perpetual state of assimilation and elimination—nutrition and waste. The two processes balance each other in a healthy and normal physical condition.

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